

Did You Ever See Job's Coffin?

IT is visible about 10 o'clock at night, directly in the south, north of east from Allair. The constellation called Job's Coffin is a little group of stars close together, somewhat like a fish with a drooping tail.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the first use of firearms and cannon at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, between the English and the French. The innovation spelled the doom of the spear and pike, the ancient method.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"I don't want to meet any cock-fighters," growled Strelsa. "They're all right, too—but there are all kinds of interesting people in my circles—writers like Karl, huntin' people, a professional here and there—and then there's that fascinating Mrs. Wyland-Bally, the best trap-shot!"

"Trap-shot," repeated Westward in disgust, and took his cigar and himself into seclusion.

Quarren also pushed back his chair, preparing to rise.

"Doin' anything?" inquired O'Hara, desiring to be kind. "Young Calahan and the Harlem Mutt have it out at the Catart Club tonight," he added persuasively.

"Another time, thanks," said Quarren. "I've letters to write."

He wrote them—all the business letters he could think of, concentrating his thoughts as much as possible. Afterward he lay down on the lounge with a book, and remained there for an hour, although he changed books every few minutes. This was becoming a bad habit. But it was difficult reading, although it ranged from Kipling to the Book of Common Prayer; and at last he gave it up and, turning over, buried his head in the cushions.

This wouldn't do either; he racked his brains for further employment, found excuses for other business letters, wrote them, then attacked a pile of social matters—notes and letters heretofore deliberately neglected to the ragged edge of decency.

He replied to them all, and invariably in the negative.

It gave him something to do to go out to the nearest lamp post and mail his letters. But when again he came back to his room the silence there left him hesitating on his threshold.

But he went in and locked his door, and kept his back turned to the desk where pen and ink were tempting him as usual, and almost beyond endurance now. And at last he weakened, and wrote her once more.

"My Dear Mrs. Leeds—

"I feel sure that your failure to answer my note of last week was unintentional.

"Some day, when you have a moment, would you write me a line saying that you will be at home to me?"

"Very sincerely yours,

"RICHARD S. QUARREN."

He took this note to the nearest district messenger office; then returned to his room.

After an interminable time the messenger reported for the signature. Mrs. Leeds was not at home and he had left the note as directed.

The night was a white one. He did not feel very well when he sat scanning the morning paper over his coffee. Recently he had formed the custom of reading two columns in the paper—the real estate, news and society. In the latter column Strelsa usually figured.

She figured as usual this morning, and he read the fulsome stuff attentively. Also there was a flourish concerning an annual event at the Santa Regina.

And Quarren read this very carefully, and made up his mind as he finished the paragraph.

The conclusion he came to over his coffee and newspaper materialized that afternoon at a charity bazaar, where, as he intended, he met Strelsa Leeds face to face. She said, coolly amiable:

"Have you been away? One never sees you these days."

"I have been nowhere," he said, pleasantly.

She shook her pretty head in reproof.

Who's Who in "The Streets of Ascalon"

STRELSA LEEDS—A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.

RICHARD QUARREN—A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.

LANGLY SPROWL—A multi-millionaire, who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.

SIR CHARLES MALLISON—A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.

MARY LEDWITH—Who, betrayed by

Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside.

THE EARL OF DANKMERE—Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to usefulness.

MOLLY WYCHERLY—A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her money.

MRS. SPROWL—A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

And when she asked him if it was safe to carry in her muff, he assured her very gravely that she might venture to do so. "Turn it loose on the first burglar," he added, "and his regeneration will begin in all the forty-nine odors of sanctity."

Deadly Intelligence.

Strelsa smiled without comprehending. Cyrille Caldera was standing just beyond them, apparently, trying the effect of various linked gems against her lilac gown, and inviting Quarren's opinion of the results. Their backs were turned; Ricky's blond head seemed to come unreasonably close to Cyrille's at moments. Once Mrs. Caldera thoughtlessly laid a pretty hand on his arm as though in emphasis. Their unheard conversation was evidently amusing them.

Strelsa's smile remained unaltered; people were coming constantly to pay their respects to her; and they lingered, attracted and amused by her unusual gaiety, charm and wit.

Her mind seemed suddenly to have become crystal clear, her gay retorts to lively badinage and her laughing epigrams were deliciously spontaneous. A slight exhilaration, without apparent reason, was transforming her, swiftly, into an incarnation entirely unknown even to herself.

Conscious of a wonderful mood never before experienced, perfectly aware of her unusual brilliancy and beauty, surprised and interested in the sudden revelation of powers within her still unexercised, she felt herself, for the first time in her life, in contact with things heretofore impalpable—and, in spirit, with delicate fingers, she gathered up instinctively those intangible threads with which man is guided as surely as though driven in chains of steel.

And all the while she was aware of Quarren's boyish head bending almost too near to Cyrille Caldera's over the trays of antique jewels, and all the while she was conscious of the transfiguration in process—

that not only a new self was being evolved for her out of the debris of the old, but that the world itself was changing around her—and a new heaven and a new earth were being born—and a new ball.

That evening she fought it out with herself with a sort of deadly intelligence. Alone in her room, seated and facing her mirrored gaze unflinchingly, she stated her case, minutely, to herself from beginning to end; then called the only witness for the prosecution—herself—and questioned that witness without mercy.

Did she care for Quarren? Apparently. How much? A great deal. Was she in love with him? She could not answer. Wherein did he differ from other men she knew—Sir Charles, for example? She only knew that he was different. Perhaps he was nobler? No. More intelligent? No. Kinder? No. More admirable? No. More gentle, more sincere, less selfish? No. Did he, as a man, compare favorably with other men—Sir Charles for example? The comparison was not in Quarren's favor.

Wherein, then, lay her interest in him? She could not answer. Was she perhaps sorry for him? Very. Why? Because she believed him capable of better things. Then the basis of her regard for him was founded on pity. No; because from the beginning—even before he had unmasked—she had been sensible of an interest in him different from any interest she had ever before felt for any man.

This uncompromisingly honest answer silenced her mentally for some moments; then she lifted her resolute gray eyes to the mirrored witness:

If that is true then the attraction was partly physical? She could not answer. Pleased for a statement she admitted that it might be that.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been engaged to a girl for three years and have always found her to be ideal. We got along beautifully until a couple of days ago, when she confessed that for the last two months she has had a growing affection for a man in her office. She says she does not love him, as he is not the type of a man she would choose for a husband.

She is unhappy because she is not giving me a square chance and tells me to wait. We have planned to make a stern fight to bring her to her right senses, as she is positive he does not care a snap about her.

She tells me at times she hates him and other times she feels happy in his presence.

The girl has been perfectly honest with you. The mere fact that she can so coldly analyze her feelings for the other man and can discuss them with you shows they haven't a deep hold on her imagination. Try to find which of two courses works with her. She may be unconsciously trying to rouse your jealousy and to speed the day of your marriage. Perhaps the first glow of your romance is gone and this is her way of reviving it. Try a little wild possessiveness! If that is wrong, do the sensible thing and help her get this infatuation out of her system by discussing and calm planning with you.

Friendship and Love.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

For five years I have known a fine young fellow five years my senior. He is a college boy studying a profession, though not over enthusiastic about his career. In the first four years of our friendship he was a brother to me, helping me with my school work. He had my full confidence. In the past nine months I've learned that I care for him more than I realized. He knows this; how, I don't know. I've read

son to believe that he does not care for me in the least, and is just the same friend as ever before. What can I do?

When it comes to love and marriage, a fine man is likely to be far more sane and practical than a woman. He has to, for it is he who makes the living and furnishes the home. So this boy, because of his youth and the fact that he isn't on a self-supporting basis, can't permit your friendship to turn into a love affair. Don't agonize over it. Recognize the fact that your affection must be held in check. Self-control is a thing any fine character must learn and can practice. Stop analyzing your friendship and try to enjoy the loyalty and devotion which you possess without wanting the thrills and emotional qualities which would endanger everything for you now.

A Complacent Suitor.

I have an excellent position traveling for a large concern. I have been willed a large sum of money by my father. I have been blessed with a good disposition. I am an athlete, having won medals in college.

With these qualifications I find it very easy to get acquainted with some of the most lovable girls. But it seems there is one one whom I love and she does not appreciate the greatest thing in the world.

I know what your answer would be to the majority of young men in circumstances similar to mine—"Try to forget—time heals all wounds." But, although I have traveled and tried to mingle in the company of the opposite sex, there seems to be someone missing.

H. K.

Perhaps the girl you love doesn't appreciate your self-appreciation. You seem so sure of how the girl ought to feel and how I ought to answer that I can well believe you aren't particularly lovable outside of the worldly qualifications of which you so smugly speak. I don't advise you to look for another sweetheart. I merely suggest that you think of how to make this one happy.

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FOR LOVE :: :: An Absorbing Romance :: :: By RUBY M. AYRES

THE maid smiled sympathetically. "It's past ten, ma'am—I wanted to wait for you, but Mr. Winterick wouldn't let me. He told me to say that he'd write."

"Eve caught her breath. "You mean—he's gone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She lay back on the pillows weakly.

Gone! Without a word of goodbye! And Calligan had begged her to give him another chance.

Eve looked at the clock. Peter had gone out early and left word that he did not know when he should be back. Eva sighed wearily. She supposed that last night would make more trouble between Peter and Kitty. She knew that Peter had been seeing with rage and jealousy all the evening.

The room seemed very quiet without Philip. After lunch she went into the library and looked around with desolate eyes.

One of Philip's pipes with the ash still in the bowl lay on the mantel shelf. A tweed coat of his was tossed across the chair back. A letter which he had commenced and left unfinished still lay on the blotter. Eva went across and looked at it. It began: "Dear Mother."

She wondered what Mrs. Winterick would say when Philip arrived alone.

After all, it did not much matter. Things could only get worse as time went on, till soon there would be no need of explanation.

And—Calligan! She thought of him apathetically. What would he do now? Did he intend to take seriously what she had asked of him last night? The memory of her words no longer made her cheeks burn. She did not know whether she still wanted to struggle to win her husband's love. But she did want to distract herself, to try to smother her own acute unhappiness.

Peter came in while she was wandering round Philip's room. He looked rather pale and constrained. He avoided his sister's eyes.

He had had lunch, he said—with Kitty, he added, with a note of defiance.

Eva said nothing, and suddenly he broke out—

"What on earth possessed Philip last night? I don't know. I should have thought he had been drinking."

His sister's cheeks flamed.

"What do you mean?" she asked quietly.

He began to bluster. He looked very like his father at that moment.

"What do I mean! You know very well what I mean! The way abominable he was! What could he have been doing? He made things so do! I—I was angry with her this morning, but I can see now that it was not really her fault. She explained the whole thing to me."

Eva's lips curled bitterly.

"What did she explain?" she asked.

"—All the tomfoolery that went on," he said roughly. "I wouldn't have believed it of Philip—it was an insult to us besides being—being most embarrassing for Kitty. I suppose I ought to have said something at the time, but with you there—"

Eva laughed.

"You need not trouble about me,

my dear," she said. "Say what you like to Philip—I promise not to object or to interfere."

He stared at her.

"What—what the deuce is the matter with you two?" he asked at last in bewilderment.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Matter? Nothing! We've only agreed to go our own and separate ways. It seems to me that most married people come to it sooner or later. Perhaps we've come a little sooner than most."

"But—"

"But you were so keen on him! I knew you were long before—before—"

"He broke off in dismay. " weren't you, Bonnie?" he asked.

She could not meet his eyes.

"I thought I was—put it that way," she said as lightly as she could. "We all make mistakes. I only hope you'll profit by mine, Peter, dear."

He laughed rather self-consciously.

"Oh, I shall be alright," he said awkwardly. "I didn't understand how things went until Kitty explained. But now I know it was Philip's fault."

Eva opened her lips to say something about Featherstone, but she closed them again resolutely. After all, what was the use?

Peter was watching her uneasily.

"Where is Philip?" he asked suddenly.

She answered without looking at him.

"He's gone home—to the country." She laughed with a little hysterical note in her voice. "Isn't it generally the wife who runs off to her mother?" she asked flippantly. "I'm afraid we've done it the wrong way."

Peter caught her by the shoulders as she was leaving the room.

"Bonnie, are you? What are you going to do here—alone?"

"I'm alone," she said, trying to wriggle free of him. "There's you—and Mr. Calligan."

"Calligan!" said Peter, wrathfully. She raised burning eyes.

"Well! What have you got to say about him?"

Peter colored.

"Nothing—at least—"

used to like the chap, but now—"

"But now!" she echoed, as he paused. "You mean that you've changed your mind? Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I like him very much, however."

Peter let her go. His young face was full of honest trouble.

He loved his sister, and his heart was torn between love for her and loyalty to Kitty.

Kitty! He had never loved her more because it suited her to quarrel with Peter for the moment. She disarmed him at the start by carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

"You were horrid last night," she said. "How could you behave as you did, Peter? I never was so unhappy."

Peter was utterly taken aback.

"Unhappy?" he stammered. He had thought he had had the monopoly of that particular emotion.

She nodded—her golden head against his shoulder.

"Yes—"

"You never spoke to me—you hardly looked at me—you let that dreadful Philip make love to me."

"So you did?" Her voice was muffled. "What could I do? You apparently did not care. I thought—I thought the only thing left to do was for me to pretend that I didn't care either."

He made her look at him.

She put her arms around his neck. She had always found it a most successful method of settling an argument. And afterward, when Peter was trying to think it all out it seemed to him that the whole thing had died a natural death in kisses and foolish words.

But now, after having seen Eva, he was not so sure. If Philip had paid Kitty exaggerated attention, she, too, had not seemed at all uninclined to receive it. And, much as he loved her, now he was away from her immediate influence, Peter realized that she had not been free from blame.

It worried him, too, that Philip should be his sister's husband. Dash it all, the man had not played the game!

He wished Philip had been here,

so that he could have had the whole thing out with him once and for all. Why on earth did he want to go racing off home! And without Bonnie, too. And with that chap Calligan hanging round.

He scowled—wasn't Calligan a white man, either? He had been so sure of them both, these two.

"I'm going to a theater with Mr. Calligan, tonight," Eva told him when they were having tea together. She met his eyes defiantly as she spoke, and Peter colored anxiously.

"We've only got two seats. We'll go together another night. You won't mind?"

"That isn't the point," he said gruffly. "You—you've no right to go racing about with Calligan. I'd only been married such a little time as you and Philip. I'd break another man's head for even suggesting taking my wife out without me."

Eva laughed till the tears came into her eyes. The thought of Philip being sufficiently jealous of Calligan to want to break his head struck her as decidedly funny.

"There's no harm in going to a theater with Mr. Calligan," she said lightly. "We've got two seats—not even a box! So you see it's all very proper."

"It's not proper at all," Peter declared angrily. "What in the name of all that's holy has come over you, Bonnie? You're so flip-pant and cynical sometimes I hardly recognize you."

Eva turned her head away.

"I hardly recognize myself sometimes," she said with a quick sigh. "That's marriage! I suppose! You'll find it out when you're married, Peter."

"It's all rot," he insisted. "You're not the sort to have changed like this—without some big reason."

"Eva—you remember your wedding day—up on the landing, just before you and Philip left—"

She rose hurriedly.

"I don't remember anything. I hate looking back! I want to look on all the time! Don't preach, Peter, there's a dear. It's all right—there's no harm at all in my going out with Mr. Calligan."

"And I say there is!" Peter almost shouted. He was red in the face and his eyes blazed.

"His sister stared at him.

"I don't know what you mean," she said suddenly quiet. "Why is there harm—in what way do you mean—"

"Calligan's in love with you, that's why," Peter said roughly. "I may be a fool, but I could see that—ages ago."

He turned away as he spoke. He was younger than Eva and he and his brothers had always been accustomed to regard her as a sort of second mother; it struck him as a terrible presumption on his part to have dared to call her to account at all.

He might have felt justified had he seen the tall-tale color that rushed to her face.

After a moment she managed to laugh.

"Well, of course, if you will be so perfectly absurd!" she said.

Peter did not answer, and she followed him to the window and slipped a hand through his arm.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Household Suggestions

The white of an egg applied to a burn is an efficacious remedy.

When cleaning a grate mix the black lead with a little turpentine.

To prevent seams stretching when cut on the cross, machine a piece of tape in with the seam.

To improve the appearance of wooden bedsteads sponge them with a solution of hot water and alum.

hen making tea add a lump of sugar in place of one of the spoonfuls. The tea will be just as strong.

A little camphor rubbed on a mirror after the dust has been wiped off will brighten it wonderfully.

Milk should be kept in a shallow basin rather than in a narrow jug. It will remain sweet far longer.

When cooking green vegetables add a sprout of broad to the water. This will prevent the unpleasant odor.

When cooking hard-boiled eggs boil in salt water and dip immediately in cold water. They will then peel easily.

Vinegar added to the blacking makes shoes and boots shine more brilliantly.

To freshen stale vegetables, soak them for an hour in cold water to which the juice of a lemon has been added.

Scratches and marks on polished furniture can be removed by rubbing them with linseed oil and turpentine.

A pinch of salt or bicarbonate of soda put into milk as soon as it is delivered in the morning will help to keep it sweet.

There is no necessity to starch curtains and tablecloths. Put a tablespoonful of methylated spirit to a gallon of rinsing water. This will make the cloths quite stiff, and they will shine when ironed.

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